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The Classical Review

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The Classical Review

JULY, 1928

SOME INTERPRETATIONS OF GREEK PLAYS.

It is not an easy thing for one generation to pass judgment upon the work of another. Each generation as it comes has its own work to do, its own ideals to discover, its own especial philosophy to make. Naturally enough its own life seems significant, its own thought illuminating, its own manners emancipated or refined as the case may be. If we are to appreciate rightly the work our fathers did, we must have a certain humility of mind and a capacity for sympathetic intuition; we must learn to see for ourselves that the things they honoured are indeed worthy of honour, and to discern the beauty which for us has become commonplace or secondary, but for them was the master light of all their seeing.

This effort to understand the social and personal ideals of a bygone age brings us to a study of the times in which the ideals were made and tried, and of the difficulties whose stress created the need for them and conditioned their development. In a word, we have to understand in an intimate and inward way their history.

The same kind of adjustment is necessary if we are rightly to appreciate an earlier literature. We of the twentieth century have certain interests of our own. Certain experiences move us deeply, and it is to these that we return again and again, sometimes with a passionate desire to learn their meaning, and sometimes simply because in them we discern some beauty which belongs to the essential, militant, victorious spirit of man, or follow in clear, stark lines some conflict which eternally confronts the human soul. The form in which the conflict comes, in which the beauty is made manifest or the horror is revealed in its nakedness, is different for every generation.

There is, for instance, a tendency among us to idealise the young girl. The Victorians idealised her too. But a generation which loves the *Constant Nymph* cannot appreciate Clara Middleton as Meredith did without a mental

effort. The girls we love are, like Clara, brave and honest; but they have, perhaps, more commonsense and less wit, and they possess other qualities which would surprise Clara and her creator, and for which we look in vain in the young women of Victorian fiction.

Yet, although the ideal of what a young girl should be has thus changed slightly within living memory, we assume that we know without more ado what Sophocles meant by Antigone; and we are apt to think that the theme of the play is to be found in the courage and integrity of its young heroine, and in the strength and loyalty of her womanly affections. We imagine also that we understand and appreciate without difficulty the ideal of young manhood which Sophocles gives us in Neoptolemos. Yet there are many things which we must know and feel before we know Neoptolemos and understand his problem, and a facile identification of his morality with the honour that is bred in our public schools may not give us the whole meaning of the play.

There are, of course, permanent things in human nature—secular qualities which remain through all our changes. Moreover, the long experience of humanity does not go for nothing, and certain gains once made can never be lost. But in this paper I would suggest that we presume too much upon this identity, and take too little trouble to follow the delicate and significant variations in which, under pressure of changing circumstance, the human spirit manifests itself.

We must not, therefore, expect that the ancient Greeks can speak, as the Quakers say, to our condition except and unless we make that effort of imagination, attain that quickened historical sympathy, whereby we can enter into their experience, understand their unconscious, inherited ideas and emotions, and see why their own particular problems seemed to them acute, appalling, unanswerable, that yet must needs be answered.

I would suggest then, first, that the fact of kin was for them more significant than it is for us. Highlanders, perhaps, are nearer themselves to tribal life, where the clan is the unit, than are Englishmen, and to that extent are nearer in spirit to fifth-century Athens. Athenian history confirms this. Cleisthenes attempted to destroy the political power of the old phratry, which were clan brotherhoods, and he tried to make room in the state for the foreigners whose presence was so good for it. But the feeling for blood relationship was too strong, and after the first generation men were called again by their father's name, and by the deme in which their forebear had lived in the time of Cleisthenes. It was quite impossible for the Greek to substitute locality for kin as a natural way of organising men for the purposes of government. The thing was too artificial and unreal; to place a man and know where he belonged you must have some clue to his kin.

We remember, too, that the fancied tie of race contributed to the early success of the Delian League; the sentimental reason for its existence clearly counted for something. And it was upon this theme that Gorgias played, with all the fascinating music of his rhetoric, when he persuaded the Athenians to undertake their expedition to Sicily in 427.

One may surely draw the same conclusion from the fact that to Plato family loyalty, the feeling of the blood-bond, seemed so strong and dangerous that it must be entirely sublimated. There must have been some exceedingly strong reason to induce such a man as Plato to think that the *ὑδαρὴς φιλία*, the watery affection, of the communal nurseries, must be made to satisfy men.

And drama plays continually upon this elemental, almost mystical passion. Clytemnestra says she is more deeply bound to Iphigenia than to Agamemnon, because she belongs to Iphigenia by blood. It has been suggested to me that this utterance is sufficiently accounted for as a manifestation of maternal instinct. But when, in cold blood, the queen thus justifies murder, we feel that she is simply a wicked woman, making play with frivolous,

unnatural rhetoric, which cannot for a moment kindle in us a sense of sympathy with her crime. But we surely misinterpret Aeschylus, and that profoundly, if we imagine that for him this argument had no weight at all. The brutal and terrifying fact, that is the heart of the trilogy and the spring of its power, is that kinship, which in its normal manifestations is a good and holy bond, commanding our reverence and uttermost loyalty, can, especially when the sin of *ὑβρις* has created unnatural conditions, bring men inevitably and ineluctably into the awful dilemma of Orestes—a tangle of self-destructive obligations, which only a god can solve. Only through such an agony, we are made to feel, can the elemental forces of kinship, the Furies, be tamed, become the Eumenides, learn to live with the younger and sunnier loyalties of city-life and merciful justice.

If we consent to let the trilogy teach us the dreadful strength and power of kinship, the *Seven against Thebes* regains the significance which it is difficult for us to find in it from our own standpoint. In the war of 1914, still more, of course, in the American Civil War, it was entirely possible that cousins, or even brothers, should slay each other. When we heard of cases like this, we thought, 'How pitiful! This is one of the minor tragedies of such a fearful war.' Aristotle would not have spoken so; he brings forward as a grave objection to Plato's marriage arrangements in the *Republic*, that under that régime a man might kill or strike his father without knowing it, and this, he tells us in the *Art of Poetry*, is one of the most tragic situations conceivable.

To be quite frank, these are not the situations that seem to us most profoundly tragic; we might even be inclined to call them melodramatic. Tragedy for us is found supremely in the downfall of character, 'the noble and most sovereign reason like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh'; or perhaps in the cost at which a noble character retrieves defeat.

When we read the *Seven* then, let us think of its first Greek audience, realising that they are to witness an unthinkable degradation, profanity, and

horror—brother slaying brother, and that voluntarily; and watching the slow inevitable approach of this fearful climax—the result of human sin playing with incalculable, inexorable chance, stirring up the recurrent *ἄτη* of the house of Labdacus. Over against this horror looming nearer and nearer we watch, in a lurid, thunderous light, the glittering splendours of panoplies and horses, the strength and valour, and the hard, high determination of the human will.

We realise how far later Greece is removed from the tribal and communal society, whose sanctions were still living in fifth-century Athens, when we see that the wars of the Ptolemies against each other do not appear to have greatly shocked the Greeks.

The tragedy in which the theme of kin is played out to the most tremendous music of terror and awe is the *Oedipus Tyrannus*. It is striking indeed that this is a play about kinship and not about sex, and this alone warns us that the Greeks were not like us; and may set us thinking that the simple facts of human life—birth, and marriage, and death—which are the same for all, are different for every generation.

We are interested in character, and so were the Greeks. We think that the *Oedipus* shows us how slight flaws in great characters have fearful consequences. Aristotle says that the play did mean this for the Greeks. But surely it meant more. Where did the fault come? Why had it such a dreadful repercussion?

Like father, like son; Laius at the cross-roads could not know that he was assaulting a man in whom his own hot blood was beating, in whom his own fierce spirit lived again. Each had been forewarned at Delphi of their dreadful doom, each made heavy sacrifice to escape it. Nevertheless through that most natural interplay of character, which seems so avoidable and yet can never be avoided, they wrought for each other the destiny which they dreaded, and which the god foretold.

The sin that was committed where the three ways meet is represented as but a pardonable and very natural excess of qualities, which in Oedipus,

at least, were of the utmost service to the city that was his by birth and by adoption. I cannot believe that we are meant to feel that Oedipus' neglect to make enquiry before he married Jocasta was culpable, or that he was thus responsible for the catastrophe which destroyed him. Human responsibility is reduced to the barest minimum.

What is the meaning then of the catastrophe? It means that none can escape the doom which the gods know and foretell. Laius gave up his son to be destroyed; Oedipus tore himself from those to whom he felt himself bound by blood and by affection, and faced a separation that meant spiritual poverty and unnatural loneliness. Thus each tried by violence to destroy the kinship which was to be their undoing. Their very acts are twisted to bring about that which they sought to escape. Oedipus identified himself with his city, and devoting all his great energy of spirit to ends which were noble and right, brought upon his own head unspeakable degradation. We watch first Jocasta and then Oedipus realising what has happened to them, and the intolerable tension grows fiercer in every line. That their vileness was involuntary mitigated its horror not at all. Man is *not* the master of his fate; he is *not* the captain of his soul.

The *Oedipus* is a play about kinship and about fate.

In the *Ion* the same deep-seated emotion is exploited. An Englishman who wrote the beautiful scene between Creusa and Ion at the gate of the sanctuary would mean it as a picture of true motherliness, which takes all young things for its children, and as a prelude to the discovery that Ion was her own true son; we should expect that Xuthos' adoption of him would be warmly welcomed by Creusa, and a means to the final *dénouement*. As it is, any such expectations are rudely interrupted. When Creusa hears of the oracular reply that Ion is son of Xuthos and is to be his heir, the old family slave says: 'Now you ought to do something thoroughly womanly—stab the young man or his father, or both.'¹ Creusa says: 'That is just what I should like to do.'² One

¹ Eur. *Ion*, 843.

² *Ib.*, 979.

is inclined at first to exclaim that Euripides is abandoning all interest in character and the way human beings really behave, in order to engineer, even by violence, one of those scenes, which Aristotle agreed were truly tragic—the mother about to slay her son in ignorance. If we really think that Euripides has abandoned truth for the sake of drama, of course our interest drops.

But of course he has not. It was not motherliness in general that drew Creusa to Ion, it was blood calling unto blood. And it was the same primitive loyalty to kin that urged her to protect the family, even by murder, against the intrusion of an alien. The self-same instinct which compelled her to long for a son and to love Ion is now recoiling upon her in terrific peripety, and driving her to kill her son and destroy Ion, upon whom all her hopes rest. The play is a unity.

English readers are puzzled sometimes, and their interest flags, at the constant recurrence of the theme of burial. Professor Gilbert Murray has suggested to me that in reality our feelings are not far removed from those of the Greeks in this matter, and that any of us whose brother was threatened with such mutilation would dare everything, as Antigone did, to avert it. Yet, with great respect for Professor Murray, I cannot feel that this is the whole story.

For one thing, family affection itself is a different thing for us. Blood-relationship does not for the most part constitute so deep an obligation. Better kind stranger than strange kin, we say. Brothers and sisters do not always find each other congenial, and, if they do not, the emotion which they feel for each other is slight. It is only, I think, when relations do love each other and find pleasure in each other's company, that kin means much to us. Then our hearts are warmed by the thought that we do belong to each other in fact as well as by choice, and that the spiritual bond, in which we delight, is a fitting fulfilment of a bond we did not make. Affection kindles the sense of kinship and gives it beauty and meaning. The converse is not so true for us, yet the converse I feel sure was far truer for the Greeks.

Antigone justifies her loyalty to Polyneices by a strange, unnatural argument, to the effect that she would not have felt it so deeply had not her parents been dead, and all hope of replacing Polyneices perished with them. This strange sentiment recalls a story in Herodotus, and its presence in the play is explained by the friendship between Sophocles and Herodotus. But does this explain it? Why should the poet give it to Antigone to say? Perhaps she was attempting to justify rationally, and in words, an emotion which lay deeper than reason, and could not be put into words; any words she could have chosen would have seemed forced and unsuitable.

Moreover, the burial which she gave her brother at such cost could not save him from birds and beasts, nor hide the horror of his decay from the eyes of men. It was purely ceremonial, and those few poor handfuls of dust were heavy with unearthly significance.

Our religion does not teach us to regard burial as a matter of great importance. Indeed, if we are to seek in our religion for the kind of sanction that lay behind the duty of burying the dead for the Greeks, we have to think of another rite, and remember what a Catholic peasant feels when her child dies without baptism. This experience is close enough to us for us to be able to sympathise with it and realise the unplumbed distress which it necessarily involves. Our Protestantism, our impatient sense that it is wasted emotion, do not entirely prevent us from realising what it means.

We make it clear that we think burial a comparatively trivial affair by the fact that in time of war we do not grant truce for the purpose of taking up the dead, nor count this omission among the major indecencies of war. And, again, when our loved ones die far away from us, we grieve because we were not with them at the last, to keep them company as long as possible, to hear what they wanted to say to us, and to send them at last upon their way with an assurance of our love in their hearts. These are natural and reasonable services; yet it was not the lack of these that was to the Greek most bitter.

Electra's grief found expression in passionate regret that, when Orestes' mangled body was rescued at last from the Pythian arena, it was another, and not she, who gave him the last ceremonial washing, who made the offerings and watched by his pyre, and who gathered his ashes at the end.

These considerations are perhaps enough to show us that Greek feeling is not our feeling. Yet the Greek feeling, too, is surely rational. Since they believed that in the unknown world to which they were gone the dead could be helped or hurt by the way in which these last things were done or not done, it was surely natural and reasonable that the passionate desiderium for the dead, which with us can often find no outlet, should with them pour itself out upon these offices and exalt them into a service of love and honour and remembrance, and invest them with religious significance.

I would venture to go further, and to suggest that our modern indifference—I might almost say nonchalance—about death is neither very rational nor altogether laudable. In the presence of death we do of course experience awe; we wonder how it is with our friends in the hours or days that follow their departing to the place where 'the things we have seen and have known and have heard of, fail us.' But if time heals the sorrow, we suffer ourselves also to forget the awe, and we feel it is evidence of healthy-mindedness that we do not allow our thought to dwell upon death, nor let the thought of death and after-life have much effect upon the manner of our living here and now.

Thus the Homeric attitude to death seems to us impressive, and we are continually struck by the heroes' grave awareness of death, their freedom from inhibition in speaking of it, their constant undimmed sense of the loss it brings.

We remember again Lucretius' ecstatic experience of release as he embraced the philosophy of Epicurus, with its teaching that utter annihilation comes with death, and his sense of mission to preach this gospel; and we think of the reference in the Epistle to the Hebrews, to those who through fear

of death are all their lifetime in bondage. We are apt to say that Lucretius was excitable and hypersensitive, and suffered from exaggerated emotions. We realise that the passage in the Epistle does not fit us, and pass on. I am convinced that we understand the ancient world entirely amiss if we refuse to sympathise with their very different feeling.

Our own attitude is, I suppose, the result of nineteenth-century materialism more than of our religion. It is also a reaction from the perhaps excessive interest in the next world which marked the evangelical revival. But modern Christianity, with its disbelief in hell, seems to have lost interest also in heaven; and having abandoned the old imagery of the harpers harping with their harps, and the white robes of those who have come out of great tribulation, we rely vaguely on the love of God and think about something else. But the love of God, as it manifests itself in this life, is so terrible a thing that I cannot understand why we should presume that it will let us have an easy time hereafter. I cannot help feeling that we should think more truly and live better if, like the ancient Greeks, we would sometimes remember 'what we are and whence we came, whence we came and whither wending.'

At any rate, we must learn to share such a point of view if we are to appreciate at its true value the old Greek feeling, and experience the awe, the gravity, the silence in the heart, which came upon them as Oedipus or Ajax drew near his death, and to see the sudden beauty of the compassion which Odysseus could feel, though Athene and Menelaus could not, when that great life had reached its piteous end.¹

At this point some of you may feel that I am not giving a true account of Greek feeling about death and burial, because it is clear that the dynamic of this observance was largely fear—primitive fear at that—fear that the dead might live: *ζῶσιν οἱ γὰρ ὑπὸ κείμενοι*, as the Chorus says in Sophocles' *Electra*.² This of course is true. In the *Choe-phorae*, and in many other plays, this superstitious dread is felt. It was not

¹ Cf. especially Soph. *Aj.*, lines 79 and 121, and 1355 ff.

² Line 1417.

in the least alien to Sophocles' habit of mind that he should touch upon it.

Yet I think that, taking Greek sentiment at its best, as it is seen in the *Iliad* and in drama, I am right in asking you to feel that the prominence of the theme of burial springs from an open-eyed sense of mystery—the mystery that presses upon us from the very heart of reality—and from a human affection and a sense of the obligations of kinship, in which we can share; as well as from superstitions with which we may sympathise, but which we never can experience. Sophocles, for all his cultivation, his refinement, his restraint and intellectualism, touches often upon feelings that seem to belong to the superstitious deeps of human nature. He stirred the unreasoning, instinctive, age-long fears and loyalties of his race, and this perhaps in part, and not his daylight *σωφροσύνη* of speech alone, gave him his great hold upon the Athenian people. He is apt to set these elemental human instincts over against the virtues and obligations that were the fine flower of civilisation, and to ask us to consider what must happen when these forces meet in conflict. He makes appeal to these old forgotten instincts, when he speaks of burial, as we have seen; we will now consider another form in which the same kind of conflict appears.

Pericles made a great impression upon his contemporaries as a man lifted far above the average by clear nobility of mind. We see this in Thucydides, whose judgment we can trust; Aristophanes, in his own way, gives evidence to the same effect; and Plutarch, naturally, caught the glamour from his authorities. When we seek the cause of this reputation, it is not plain to see, at least in the policies into which he led his city. For his democratic legislation was timed to counter the popularity of Cimon—at least if we may trust the chronology of *οἱ βουλόμενοι βλασφημεῖν* in Aristotle's *Constitution of Athens*—and his imperial policy, with its hated cleruchies and ruthless suppression of the cities of the league, did his people harm. Moreover it accords ill with the generosity which is constantly attributed to Athens in the plays.

In what did Pericles' greatness consist?

He could not be bribed. To be *ἀδωρότατος* was itself a passport to public veneration. But, beyond this, the clue to Pericles' reputation must, of course, be sought in the Funeral Speech; and there it appears that he taught his fellow-citizens a new and nobler kind of patriotism. Civic patriotism was a virtue of enormous significance in Greece. In 506, at Marathon, in 447, and at the end of the Peloponnesian War, the Athenians were in dread lest the oligarchs in the city should open the gates to the enemy. (Yet Athens was a stronger city than many.) Thucydides has left us an unforgettable account of what such revolution meant. And for Athens, more than for most cities, patriotism had a high survival value. 'The empire that you hold,' said Pericles, 'is a tyranny.'¹ He added the corollary, which was a commonplace of Greek thought, that tyrants must necessarily be hated.²

But Pericles made a new thing of patriotism. Obligation to Athens became, when he spoke of it, a new and wonderful and strangely beautiful devotion. His words, his life, his great temples on the Acropolis, the success he met with in his imperial policy, all enhanced this new sense of patriotism. The Athenians responded. He elicited in them that satisfaction which men always feel when they recognise with all their hearts and minds a moral and spiritual obligation to which they can respond with all their strength. For he gave words to the feelings which were strong yet dumb within them all. Socrates, in his own strange way, felt it more keenly than any of them.

For some of them followed all too literally Pericles' exhortation to love Athens as though she were their mistress. Euripides idealised her, and endowed her in his mind with all the qualities he loved and honoured; and when she disappointed him, and he learned that she was not all this, his grief could not be comforted.

And Alcibiades, that tragic youth, following the letter but not the spirit

¹ Thuc. II. 63.

² *Ib.*, 64.

of his guardian's great speech, loved Athens, after his own fashion, like a mistress. 'The true patriot,' he said to the Spartans, 'the ὀρθῶς φιλόπολις, is not the man who, when he has unjustly lost the city that belongs to him, will not attack her, but rather the man, who in his longing for her, will go to all lengths in his effort to win her back and recapture her.'¹

There seems to be a nobility, a clear open reasonableness, about city-loyalty, which commended it to the best that there was in the Greeks. It was not in itself a new thing. Yet in the age of Pericles, in the generation which had been born and bred in the traditions of Marathon and Salamis, men became conscious, as they had not been before, of the moral grandeur of this emotion, and they cherished and revered it. Loyalty to the πόλις became a favourite virtue, as characteristic of the age of Pericles as the great temples themselves, the mainspring of the adventurous originality of the age.

Somewhat in the same way, perhaps, honour and love of sport are favourite virtues with the Englishmen of our own day—the qualities by which he desires to be known, in which he expresses the originality of his people and his country. It was not to-day, nor yesterday, that Englishmen became honourable, and loved sport; our conscious pride in them is comparatively recent.

To return to Sophocles, we can realise in the light of these thoughts what a tremendous play the *Antigone* is. We must remember what the πόλις of Pericles meant to the Athenians; we must remember also the great strength of the clan loyalties, of the bond of blood, whose sanctity lay deeper than we can realise. Sophocles sets the new, beautiful, man-made loyalty, the city patriotism, in which civilisation triumphed and men reached their greatest heights, over against the old deep-rooted holiness of the bond of kin, against those laws that never were formulated or made a thing to be talked about, but which from everlasting to everlasting have swayed and will sway men's hearts—the august unwritten laws of God. We must think ourselves deep

into the fifth century before we can fully realise how profoundly moving, how acute, how pressing was the problem that Sophocles thus raised.

He raised it again in the *Philoctetes*. In this play other problems as well are set before us.

Mr. Casson suggested, in a lecture to the London Classical Association, that Achilles symbolises the Northern race, and Odysseus the Mediterranean race, which mingled to give birth to the Greeks we know. He suggested that in the fifth century we see the same two types in contrast—Pericles on the one hand, Themistocles and Alcibiades on the other. We are reminded of W. H. Hudson's remark about the Hampshire people—members of the same family might be visibly of different race. The same is true, of course, everywhere—at least in every modern European nation. We recognise it when we speak of the contrast between what we call Celt and what we call Saxon. The difference may have been more vivid among the Greeks, if the two breeds were purer when they met; it may have been that mental and moral qualities were more strikingly the concomitants of different colouring and physique. We remember what Polybius said in later years about the astonishing size and beauty of the Celts, and of the spirit in which they could fight.

At any rate, the contrast and the conflict could hardly be put before us in plainer and grimmer terms than in the *Philoctetes*. Neoptolemos is the son of Achilles, the very type and pattern of the Northern gentleman—brave, hot-tempered, fierce, but truthful and chivalrous, able to be touched to pity and generosity. He appears again in Theseus and Pericles. I like to think that he belongs to us too, for we have Arthur and Alfred and Robin Hood—only Robin Hood had that last perfection of noble minds, a sense of humour. In the *Philoctetes* two of these beautiful qualities meet in conflict with their opposites—truth and pity with ruthlessness and deceit. The attitude of Odysseus and the race he symbolises is summed up in a saying of Mark Twain. George Washington *could* have

¹ Thuc. VI. 93. 5.

told a lie as well as anybody else, if he had put his mind on it; he was just obstinate. This means nothing more nor less than that Mark Twain and Odysseus and the rest of their race, lovable as some of them are, do not understand, and never will understand, the man to whom lying seems impossible and degrading. And as for pity, Odysseus in his heart, like Cleon, classed it with fine words and other silly idealistic nonsense.

So on the one side we have Neoptolemos' passionate feeling for his father, and his longing to be like him, his instinctive honour, and the pity, which to Odysseus was a weakness and to him was compelling; and over against that there stood his ambition (for he was his father's son), and the desire to serve his people (in which the Athenians could recognise their own feeling for the *πόλις*), and all the cleverness of Odysseus. The play holds the attention, if for nothing else, for the diabolical cunning with which Odysseus, seeming to be sweet reasonableness itself, plays upon Neoptolemos' wavering sensitivenesses. Neoptolemos cannot complete his father's glory, nor achieve the task which came to him from his father, unless he is false to his father's nature, a traitor to his father's high chivalry.

I do not know what was Sophocles' answer to this problem. In the play Neoptolemos surrenders to Odysseus, to the claim of his own people, and gets possession of Philoctetes' bow and arrows. He told no lie; he deceived Philoctetes' trust without verbal falsehood. But the appeals of Philoctetes and his despair, his unkillable affection for Neoptolemos, perhaps most of all his clear perception of what it is that is happening to the boy, produce a revulsion in his mind, and to the horror of Odysseus he gives back the bow and arrows. He does this apparently in the full confidence that he can by persuasion, by *ἐπεικεῖα*, by his manifest friendship to Philoctetes, reconcile him. But it is hopeless. Persuasion fails. All the beauty of Neoptolemos, all the cogency of the arguments that to him seemed so strong, the sense that the Greeks depend upon them and that their own glory is in their own hands, fail.

Neoptolemos, dazed and at a loss, is about to fulfil his hard promise, turn his back upon his own bright destiny, and take Philoctetes home again. Then the god intervenes, and so the prophecies are fulfilled.

What does Sophocles mean? If you maintain the high Northern honour, if you can be touched to pity and mercy, you hurl yourself into black unthinkable disaster; the city patriotism, the communal loyalty, *must* win; reconciliation is a task so hard that, as in the *Eumenides*, only a god can compass it. We mortal men must harden our hearts against the cry of the helpless, we must practise our petty deceits for the common good, and so by a lower road serve our day and generation. Is this what Sophocles meant? Or did he mean that *if* we maintain our difficult ideal, and refuse to compromise and to blunt our loyalty to finer obligations, then the god *will* descend from high heaven and solve our problems and provide a way of escape from our hopeless difficulties? I cannot think Sophocles meant this. He may have meant to leave us with a question. Perhaps he would have sympathised with Goethe's saying that men are not born to solve the problems of the universe, but to find out what they are.

The theme of pity, the sense that the strong should bear the burdens of the weak—in a word, chivalry—recurs constantly in the plays of Sophocles. The earliest play in which it is the dominant theme is probably the *Ajax*, which belongs to the last decade before the war; it appears again in the *Philoctetes*, as we have been seeing; and at the end of the poet's life the same thought was in his mind when he wrote the *Oedipus Coloneus*. In the meantime Euripides had taken up the theme with even greater fervour. It appears in many of his plays; in none more strongly than in the *Heracleidae*, a play which is thought by some critics to have been produced during the months in which the Athenians were *not* sending help to their most gallant and faithful ally, Plataea. There is nothing that I can discover in the play to suggest that this is deliberate irony, and I am puzzled to think how the poet could have written

the play at any date after that dreadful betrayal. By contrast, there is no mistaking what he meant in the *Troades*, produced on the very eve of the Sicilian expedition.

It is hard to find anything in Athenian history—at least, after Salamis—as it is known to us to justify the poets in attributing to their city the beautiful graces of compassion and chivalry. Euripides, to whom these qualities seemed so wonderfully beautiful, won few prizes. Yet the Athenian people must have been in some degree captured by this idealism. The fierce reaction which it provoked shows its strength. Thucydides records this reaction in the passionately angry speech of Cleon, in the debate on Mitylene, when he said he had long perceived that three things ruin an empire—pity and fine words and *ἐπιείκεια*. The same hard heart inspired the terrible speeches of the Athenian envoys at Melos.

Sophocles exercises restraint in his handling of these great themes—kin, fate, *πόλις*, and pity. For that reason we need to exercise imagination even more with him than with Euripides in order to perceive what it is that he would have us feel. But with Euripides, too, we are likely enough to miss a great deal if we think our own experience has quickened in us a sensitiveness wide enough to enable us to understand all that is in his plays.

Aristotle says that the function of drama is to kindle emotion. He singles out in particular two emotions—pity and fear. Do the few plays we have considered suggest that we should extend this list of emotions proper to tragedy?

The answer depends partly upon what Aristotle meant by pity and fear. Some authorities interpret *φόβος* as awe, and include a sense of reverence among the emotions that Aristotle meant. But awe needs further explanation. What is it that we are to revere—gods or men or fate? Not, I think, the gods. But we will return to this.

I cannot help thinking that Aristotle meant fear, and plain fear—the fear lest we all likewise perish. To him the plays suggested the inexorable laws by which causes, that lie hid in human

nature, bring forth, through the interplay of ineluctable chance, disasters that none could foresee. In human life we have no security; we are compassed about by strange powers, which bring upon men's heads a doom beyond all their desert, and that not arbitrarily, but through their own act, which is their own character. Our own weakness, which is a little thing beside the great strength that is ours also, yet fires the fearful explosion in which our strength is as nothing. When we see this we pity those on whom it came, though our pity is helpless; and we fear for ourselves, and our fear again is helpless, for there is no escape, and we can never tell when we may trip, and precipitate these fearful undreamed-of woes. All that we can do is to walk carefully and to beware of minding high things, of dreaming great dreams.

This, I think, is a fairly true account of Sophocles and Euripides. I can see little in Greek literature after Aeschylus to suggest that there is kindness with the gods, or that man has aught but himself to depend upon. Moreover, Greek history is consonant with this picture, full of thunderbolts, unforeseeable, unescapable, falling from a clear sky upon those who seemed to be upright.

For Sophocles meant to see the truth and not to say *Peace, peace* when there was no peace. It would be hard to find anything finer than Oedipus' determination to know the truth in the crisis of his life when there was still a chance to let the horrible facts lie hid, as they had lain hid all those many years. Here we touch that courage and ultimate honesty which everywhere and at all times characterises the human spirit at its greatest. For all his sense of pity, none could call Sophocles a sentimentalist. His vision was too clear and steady; and he saw humanity, so fine, so strong, so pitifully helpless, dominated at every point by powers that we cannot understand or love, powers that show no pity and cannot be placated. And with that high fortitude, which is the crown of ethical paganism, he accepted life and did not decline its conflict. Courage, and not fear, is the emotion which should spring

from the tragedy of Sophocles when his *κάθαρσις* has accomplished its proper end.

For us the end of the *Oedipus Coloneus* is strange reading. We seek in vain to find some moral purpose accomplished through the life and long suffering of Oedipus; but he is not in revolt. We feel that we can neither approve nor condemn nor divine the mind of God. The strange acquiescence of Oedipus, whose suffering has not destroyed him nor quelled his great spirit, but has brought him at last to accept his destiny, must express what the poet himself felt at the end of his life. Belief in fate had not sapped his vigour, nor unnerved him for the high enterprise of living:

The troubles of our proud and angry dust
Are from eternity and shall not fail.
Bear them we can; and if we can, we must.
And Sophocles, having accepted life

with its sorrows and ultimate mystery, has a heart at leisure for the nightingales and the snow-capped hills, for all the precious beauties of the earth and sky.

Is this the only beauty? I cannot tell. Shakespeare makes us feel that tragedy is not all loss if so be it gives in the end, strong and undeniable, the true native beauty of men and women, the beauty that belongs to humanity, which chance and human cruelty and all the powers of hell cannot away with, the beauty which survives sorrow and sin. The Greek poets leave us with somewhat the same feeling. Oedipus and Antigone and Neoptolemos and Ajax and Hecuba and Phaedra, these all had a nobility which nothing could destroy. Whether the poets knew what they were saying when they told us of them, I am not quite sure.

MARY R. GLOVER.

PLAUTUS AND HIS PUBLIC.

(Read before the Classical Association in London on January 10, 1928.)

OUR scanty external information about Plautus, taken in conjunction with our study of his plays, makes the attitude of the poet towards his own work reasonably clear. Never was there a writer less burdened with aesthetic theories, with the desire to teach or to preach. The task that Plautus undertook was to amuse the Roman populace, and thereby to secure a livelihood for himself. Possessing neither the privileges of Roman citizenship, nor the protection of a patron, he was thrown more completely than either of his literary predecessors on the public favour. At a comparatively mature age he found himself compelled to begin life again, with nothing between him and a return to the labour of the mill but his literary gift, his experience of the theatre, and his hard-won knowledge of the common life of Rome. We can scarcely be surprised that his outlook and his methods were strictly practical. It is the brilliant success which these practical methods achieved that makes Plautus so important, and indeed so unique, a figure. He is the one really popular writer of Republican Rome about whose works we are capable of forming an opinion.

That Plautus, the first Italian to confine himself to Comedy, felt his way to favour by the method of trial and error is a reasonable supposition. We hear little of his early struggles as a dramatist, nor do we know whether any of his early plays was a failure; but there is one play which presents so many unusual features that it must be mentioned in this connexion. In reading the *Mercator*, we feel ourselves nearer to the original Greek than in the case of any other play of Plautus. The colouring is almost entirely Greek; we miss the Roman allusions, the Latin puns; we notice a marked lack of the alliterative effects which are so prominent in those plays in which Plautus is most himself. And finally, the element of song in the *Mercator* is much less than in any other play, with the exception of the *Asinaria*. The mere edicts of German critics need not deter us from considering the possibility that Plautus made his plays more lyrical as his command over metre and language developed; this very reasonable supposition is borne out by the facts, where we have them. The *Asinaria* has, for other reasons, been assigned to a very early date in Plau-

tus' career; but we are justified in regarding the *Mercator* as prior to even the *Asinaria*, and perhaps in referring both plays to a period when their author had not yet assumed the nickname *Plautus*, which is his regular appellation elsewhere, but still called himself *Maccus*, as he does in the prologue to the *Asinaria*, or *Titus Maccus*, which is the name we find—in the genitive, unfortunately—in the prologue to the *Mercator*.

The *Mercator* opens with the entry of the young man Charinus. He addresses the audience as follows:

Two things I'll do together; I will tell you
The plot of the play, and the story of my love.
I shan't behave as other lovers do
In comedies, who tell to Night or Day
Or Sun or Moon the story of their woes;
For I don't think *those* deities pay much heed
To the complaints and longings of mankind;
I'd rather tell my miseries to you.

He goes on to describe the disadvantage of being in love.

These are the troubles that attend on Love:
Care, Sorrow and Excessive Daintiness,
Grief, Sleeplessness, Flight, Fright and Wandering,
Stupidity, Ineptitude, and Rashness—

and so on through a list of thirteen more abstract nouns. After nearly forty lines of philosophising, Charinus tells us his story, which takes up some seventy more lines. Even the short passage which has been quoted may serve to illustrate the chief characteristics of this speech; that its colouring is Greek, not Latin; that its style is abstract and verbose; and that it is extremely well calculated to bore the assembly for whom it was intended. Plautus does not seem to have fully grasped the appalling fact that the monologue of Charinus will have to be delivered before a contemporary Roman audience, an audience whose powers of attention, comprehension, and memory, as far as artistic things are concerned, can hardly be underestimated. The most critical moment in the performance of a Roman play was the commencement. Terence's *Hecyra*, on its first production, was scarcely launched when it suffered shipwreck. Whatever the fate of the *Mercator* may have

been, Plautus seems to have learned this all-important lesson quickly. The opening of the *Asinaria* presents a complete contrast. Here the prologue is short—only fifteen lines in length. There is a request for silence; then a joke at the expense of the crier; then the announcement of the name of the play, with the added information that it is a 'nice jolly play that will make everybody laugh,' and then another request for attention, with a compliment to the audience and an allusion to current events.

Then the play begins with a scene between master and slave, and even here, before we come to business, we have three of the stock ways of raising laughter—the jest at the expense of the henpecked husband, the realistic reference to the punishments of slaves, and some rough by-play. The *Miles*, to take the play which seems to come next in order, opens, not with a prologue, but with the famous scene showing the vividly contrasted figures of the Braggart Warrior and his satellite. The *Poenulus* has a long prologue, but the first half consists of jests aimed directly at the audience. In all the Plautine opening scenes, in fact, with the exception of the *Mercator*, we find manifest the attempt to hold the attention of the audience by an appeal either to their eyes, or to their sense of fun, or to both.

For a very different treatment of the same theme as that of the opening lines of the *Mercator*—namely, the troubles of the lover—we may turn to the monologue of Lysiteles in the *Trinummus* (the original of which was also a play of Philemon):

For as soon as the lover is thrilled with the shock of the arrow-keen kiss of the girl of his heart

Out of the doors and away go his money-bags,
slide from him, glide from him, melt and depart!

'Honey, of mine, give me this, if you love me,' she whispers. 'O honey! you'll never refuse!'

'Darling, you'll have it,' replies the poor cuckoo—'you'll have it, and anything else that you choose.'

There follows the list of the various attendants who expect and receive gratuities, and the result is:

And so—
 Poor lover!
 So kind to everyone! he
 Must presently discover
 Lo!
 He's got no money.

We have passed from subtle abstractions to the vigorous and homely language of daily life, and from the metre of speech to song.

These are the chief excellences of Plautus, according to ancient critics—his humour, his command of common language, his command of metre. They are precisely what he did not derive from his Greek originals. The sentimental and delicate dramas of Menander, as we have them, can hardly be called comedies, except in the sense that they are not tragedies. The same is generally true of the careful adaptations of Terence. But the Plautine plays are comic in the popular sense of the word, spirited, boisterous, and farcical. After reading the passage in the *Pseudolus* where Ballio, heartiest of all Plautus' blackguards, harangues his terrified household, if we turn, for example, to the opening scene of Terence's *Andria*, we find ourselves at once in a different world. We have left the roar of the Roman streets, and are in some quiet room, where all is cultured, reasonable, subdued. *Ne quid nimis*—'Nothing too much'—how very Terentian! how very un-Plautine!

Nowhere is the contrast between Plautus and his originals more marked than in his attitude to sentiment. Lovers, of course, are among the most important of his *dramatis personae*. Their sayings and doings form a large part of his work. But how different is the effect they produce on our minds from that which we experience when we read (let us say) Menander's *Hero*! Menander gives us dialogue between the serious sentimental slave and the coarse cynical slave; but with Menander sentiment wins the victory; Geta is completely overshadowed by Davus. Contrast the vigorous opening scene of the *Curculio*, where we are shown the love-sick Phaedromus wandering through the dark streets, attended of course by his impudent slave Palinurus. Again we have sentiment contrasted with cyni-

cism, but here the emphasis is on the cynicism. The more Phaedromus declares his passion, the more ridiculous he becomes. His absurdities would be evident even in a monologue; but Palinurus is there to dot the *i*'s and cross the *t*'s for us. The humour is itself of the type which we recognise with more or less certainty as original to Plautus—extravagant personifications of inanimate objects, puns, broad jokes, riddles. The most sentimental spectator could do nothing but laugh—or shudder. Even when the lovers meet, their tender remarks are interspersed by the comments of Palinurus, their embraces are seen against a background which consists of the cheeky slave and the hideous old duenna. The alternation of overdone sentiment and ridicule is kept up to the very end of this powerful and thoroughly characteristic scene.

The *Cistellaria* opens in a somewhat similar manner, only this time the central figure is not the hero but the heroine. Roman sense of propriety laid severe restrictions on the liberty of the dramatist in representing respectable women on the stage. Consequently we find that Selenium says little which her Menandrian prototype might not also have said.

The essential humorous element is supplied by the drunken old *lena*, whose opening words contain a pun. (That is to say, the Latin writer has expanded her part.) She dominates the stage for a considerable portion of the scene, and her behaviour is in the broad Plautine style.

The study of these and similar scenes leads us to the conclusion that for Plautus the dramatic value of love is twofold. It supplies the driving force for the action, and it is in itself ridiculous. If special considerations make it undesirable that one of the principal parties should appear absurd, then the humour is supplied by some other person. Nowhere do the two lovers have the stage to themselves. The scene between Ampelisca and Trachalio (*Rudens*, l. 331 ff.) is not a love-scene. In his unsentimental attitude, Plautus appears to have been in accord with the general feeling. Compare the well-known line of Laberius:

Amore cecidi tanquam blatta in peluem.

'I fell into love like a cockroach into a saucepan.'

We are therefore surprised to find Plautus regarded as a romantic writer. The *Rudens*, according to one critic, is 'one of the best instances of romantic literature of the period, a product of that movement which had developed the Alexandrian love elegies and was to have such great influence in Byzantine times.' We all remember the scene of the *Rudens* by the seashore—the storm, the ship-wrecked maiden, the wicked slave-dealer, the lover coming to the rescue, and the father discovering his long-lost daughter. Now these incidents may suggest romance, but they do not provide it. The treatment, surely, is the important thing. We need not be too precise about what is meant by the Romantic, or what is its relation to the Sentimental; but both these terms are, at least, opposed to the Matter-of-fact, which is Plautus.

Take, for example, the soliloquy of the heroine, the ship-wrecked Palaestra, on her first appearance. From lamenting the sorry scheme of things in general, she turns in particular to the state of her clothes. She reproaches the gods for their cruelty to one who has been so pious and innocent; then she moans the loss of her companion Ampelisca, the loneliness of the place, and her lack of food and shelter. But in all this there is nothing about the young man Plesidippus. Surely the love-stricken maiden of romance would have given at least a passing thought to the object of her affections. In the whole of this supposed love-play, there is only one scene in which Plesidippus and Palaestra are on the stage together. Palaestra remains mute throughout that scene; Plesidippus addresses her only once; he tells her to stay where she is till he comes back. Even this tender admonition isn't all for herself, but includes Ampelisca. Only once more does Palaestra appear, in the recognition scene; and here again there is no mention of Plesidippus.

The scene between Ampelisca and the vain and coarse Scepharnio is utterly devoid of sentiment. In his readiness to fetch the water for the pretty serving-

maid, Scepharnio has been compared to Ferdinand in the *Tempest*. There is a resemblance in words, indeed, but in words only. For when we read on, and discover the slave's anger and astonishment as he realises that he has been befooled, we feel that Caliban or Trinculo would furnish a more apt comparison.

As for Ampelisca and Trachalio, we should never suspect that they are lovers, were it not that towards the end of the play Trachalio asks Daemones for Ampelisca's hand. Both pairs of lovers are banished from the final act, just as Plautus banishes the lovers from the *Casina*. The last scene brings before us Gripus, Daemones, and Labrax. Labrax, the wicked slave-dealer, whose plots against the heroine are overthrown by Plesidippus, corresponds indeed to the dragon of romance, the dragon which is defeated and slain by the hero. But what are we to say of a tale of chivalry in which, when all is over, the heroine's father invites the dragon to lunch?

It may be argued that the romance of the *Rudens* lies rather in its setting—the lonely cottage, the rocky shore, the raging sea. But the setting belongs not to Plautus, but to the author of the Greek original; and Plautus' treatment of the storm and its consequences is in the style not of Wordsworth, but of a weather report. If by the Romantic is signified a tender and idealised and sentimentalised attitude towards Nature or towards human passion, I question whether, since the days of Thespis, there has been a less romantic play than the *Rudens*.

The object of Plautus was to interest and amuse his rude audience, and he pursues this object at the expense of what is noble as well as of what is base. There was one obvious way of winning public attention, which Plautus did not neglect. The farmers' sons holiday-making in Rome who found their way to the Games had but vague notions of Greek art, Greek literature, or Greek philosophy. The one aspect of Greek life which really interested them was Greek immorality. The announcement of a play by Diphilus or Menander promised a delightful opportunity to

behold the elegant depravity of Athens or Corinth—something very different from life at Praeneste. We can discover how Plautus has here and there expanded the spicy elements of his originals. The *Casina* is an extreme example. Yet to deal with immoral subjects is not necessarily to be demoralising. Plautus' very coarseness saves him from something worse. Even in the *Casina* the prevailing note is the hearty laughter of Italian peasantry. Plautus' almost brutal frankness was probably a far less dangerous thing for his audience than the insidious atmosphere which pervades the plays of Terence.

I have said that Plautus is no preacher; but there are occasions when he lays aside his bantering manner. I am not referring to the high-flown moral sentiment which he so frequently puts into the mouths of his impudent slaves—preferably at the very moment when they are engaged in beguiling some unfortunate victim. The audience must have listened to these utterances with the broadest of grins. But there are passages which are serious in intention and general setting.

No reader can fail to notice how large monetary considerations bulk in these plays. Indeed, the chief characters might themselves be stated in terms of cash; thus the slave-dealer is the person who duns the young man for money; the father is the person who possesses the money; the slave is the person whom the young man employs in order to secure the money. Once we are given the love of the young man for a girl in the possession of the slave-dealer, the whole machinery is set to work. (No doubt the same might be said of the skeleton of the Greek original, but in the Latin version the skeleton is obtruded on our notice.) And love itself might be defined in the same fashion: it is that emotion which causes a man to forget, for the time being, how many minas there are in a talent. The gravamen of the constant denunciations of luxury and riotous living is this—that, if persisted in, they reduce a man to poverty. The Roman people, for whom *res* signified property and *ratio* an account, would

pay keen and appreciative attention to the frequent scenes of auctioneering and bargaining, and to the profuse advice about money matters bestowed by father on son, by mother on daughter.

Plautus' most powerfully drawn figure is the miser Euclio, and Gripus has the making of a Euclio in him; he is equally obsessed with the thought of wealth, with this difference—that for him it is a thing whose gain mean bliss, whereas for Euclio it is a thing whose loss means ruin.

The *Trinummus* affords us excellent examples of a harsh common-sense to which even the elder Cato would have given his approval. It is instructive to note how Plautus has here presented Philemon in a manner which would be acceptable to Roman ears—forcible, realistic, with many such touches as Philto's terse advice to his son:

Ut ita te aliorum miserescat, ne tuis alios misereat.

'Set a Bound to your Benevolence, and keep that Bound in view,
'Lest the neighbours, whom you pity, should have cause to pity you.'

And there is one virtue at which the most primitive audience does not laugh, the true and original Roman *virtus*—courage. Military phrases, military metaphors, flow freely from Plautus' pen. Sosia's striking description of the battle which his master had fought and won brings to us memories of many a page in Roman history. In particular we may note the description of the enemy, defeated but unyielding, dying in their places rather than take to flight:

Quisque ut steterat iacet, optinetque ordinem.

'Each at his post they lie; and still they hold the line.'

We have no record of the Greek original of this passage (if it had one); but the genius of Rome herself seems to be presented in the picture of the soldier, faithful till death, guarding to the last the post of duty and of discipline.

These speculations have perhaps not been very subtle. Plautus did not aim at subtle effects, and, from his point of view, it would have been a waste of time to do so. Under his treatment the

Greek comedy becomes a series of lively scenes, in which our attention is directed rather to the part than to the whole, and this great sin against the canons of art is reflected in his unique style, which substitutes for the limpid flow of the Greek a spasmodic rush of eddying torrent. Here again we find our attention drawn to the individual words, the puns, the riddles (that heritage of earlier Latin drama), the rhapsodies of endearment and abuse, in

which the Latin language ever finds itself most at home. Yet, just as in language, Plautus became a model of Latinity for later ages, so in his general treatment he succeeded in filling the veins of the languid Hellenistic comedy with the crude energy of the conquering people. And by his success he brought the common folk of Rome into closer touch with genuine drama than they had ever been before, or were ever to be again.

W. BEARE.

VIRVM TE PVTABO, HOMINEM NON PVTABO.

(A paper read before the Cambridge Philological Society on November 24, 1927.)

Virum te putabo si Sallusti Empedoclea legeris, hominem non putabo. — Cicero, *ad Q. fratrem* II. ix. 3.

Δὲς κράμβη θάνατος. I must apologise to the Society for serving them up a dish with which they must be already sated, and one from which they doubtless believe, that the restless spirits of doubt and dissent have been already banished by the rod of Prospero.¹ But there is unhappily still a Moon-Calf Caliban skulking around the place. Yet even Caliban had his docile moods; even he was glad to learn of the lights 'that burn by day and night.' It is in that spirit that he is now here—not to instruct, but to be instructed; and if he is rash enough to neglect the oracle *μὴ κίλει Καμάριναν* he must take the consequences, and not whine if, as he well may be, he is 'pinched as thick as honeycomb.'

The first point I wish to raise on this passage is a question of style. The standard commentary on these Letters explains the two clauses as confirmatory of each other—i.e. they combine, the one affirmative and the other negative, to express a single thought, both being in praise of Quintus. But if there is only one thought expressed, why are there two verbs of thinking? Why did Cicero not write, 'virum te, non hominem putabo'? With 'putabo' repeated I should have looked for two distinct expressions of opinion, and, since one is affirmative and the other negative, I should have thought that the natural relation of the two clauses would be one

of adversative asyndeton: 'I shall think you a *vir*, but I shall not think you a *homo*'—the first clause expressing praise, the second dispraise, of Quintus. However, the Dublin editors think otherwise; as I have said, they regard the two clauses as mutually confirmatory and the thought a single one; and I suppose they would not quarrel with this translation: 'I shall regard you as a stalwart; I shall not regard you as a weakling.'

This view has been already questioned on other grounds, which, as I understand the case, are three in number:

(1) 'Vir' and 'homo' are not correlative terms.

(2) All 'viri' are 'homines.'

(3) 'Hominem non putabo' could only mean 'I shall regard you as a *θεός* or a *θηρίον*.'

Of these three objections, the first is, in my judgment, by itself sufficient to refute the editors' view; and if I go on to consider the two remaining objections, it is only because, if they too are valid, they will also refute the view I am about to offer.

There can be no doubt that 'homo' is correlative to *θεός ἢ θηρίον*, 'deus aut fera.' Cicero distinctly says so in passages, some of which have been used, and indeed in some cases misused, in earlier discussions of this subject. Thus 'homo' is opposed to 'deus' in *Fam.* IV. 5. 4: 'ei moriendum fuit, quoniam homo nata fuerat'—'Tullia had to die because she had been born a *homo*, not an immortal *dea*.' 'Homo' is opposed to 'fera' in *Att.* V. 16. 2,

¹ *Classical Quarterly* XIII. (1919), 72.

where Cicero, referring to the proceedings of Appius Claudius, his predecessor in the government of Cilicia, describes them as '*monstra non hominis sed ferae nescio cuius immanis*.'

If, then, '*homo*' has two correlates, does it not follow that the word must bear two connotations? Opposed to '*deus*,' '*homo*,' as we have just seen, connotes '*mortalitas*,' and when the word is used in this sense of course all '*viri*' are '*homines*.' But opposed to '*fera*,' '*homo*' connotes '*humanitas*,' a term which may be rendered '*civility*,' expressing the qualities of a civilised, kindly, right-judging, reasonable person. This sense of '*homo*' is also clear from Cicero. In *Att.* IV. 15. 2, urging Atticus to return without delay from Asia, he writes: '*humanitatem tuam celeritas reditus declarabit*'—'you will show your good feeling by returning with all speed.' This he repeats three lines further on in this form: '*si vis homo esse, recipe te ad tuos*'—'if you wish to show proper feeling, come back to your friends.' So in *Att.* XIII. 52. 2, after describing with some gusto the success of an entertainment he had just given to Caesar and a select circle of some two thousand of his troops, he thus concludes: '*denique homines visi sumus*'—'in a word, I quite rose to the occasion; I did all that could have been expected of me.' When '*homo*' is used in this sense, of course a '*vir*' may be a '*homo*.' Thus in *Fam.* V. 17. 3 Cicero exhorts his friend to bear pain as '*et hominem et virum*,' and goes on to explain the words '*et hominem*' as '*sapienter ferre*.' What he means by '*sapienter ferre*' appears from *Tusc.* II. 53: Marius, who suffered from varicose veins, submitted one leg to an operation, '*non obligatus*,' 'not in a strait waistcoat,' or, as we might say, 'without an anaesthetic'; but, finding the game not worth the candle, he refused to submit the other leg to the knife. Thus, Cicero says, he '*tulit dolorem et ut vir*' (*i.e.* 'fortiter') '*et ut*

homo'; and he goes on to explain the words '*ut homo*,' as one who submits to unavoidable pain, but declines to undergo pain which is avoidable: '*sine necessaria causa ferre noluit*'—*i.e.* he bore pain '*sapienter*.'

Now, can it be maintained as a universal proposition that all '*viri*' are '*homines*' in this sense of '*homo*' as 'a reasonable person'? Are there not '*viri*,' '*heroes*,' who, '*sine necessaria causa*,' travel by aeroplane when they might just as well, '*multo sapientius*,' adhere to the firm earth? Are there not '*viri*,' '*heroes*,' who, '*sine necessaria causa*,' read papers to classical societies when they might just as well, '*multo sapientius*,' hold their peace? And, to give a more concrete and particular example, which happens also to be historical, there was once a boy in Kennaquhair School who scaled the spire of Kennaquhair Church, using for foothold or support nothing except some small stone projections, which at intervals decorated the sides of the spire. On his descent to earth from these aerobatics that boy was summoned before the assembled school by his headmaster, who first presented him with a gold watch for a deed of such resolute daring, and then publicly expelled him from the school for an action alike foolhardy and unnecessary. Might not, I ask, that headmaster appropriately have inscribed on that watch the legend of my text, '*virum te putabo, hominem non putabo*'—'I shall regard you as brave indeed, but I shall not regard you as a reasonable person'?

It is in this sense that I propose to take the words of Cicero: 'If you read Sallust's *Empedoclea*, I shall certainly consider you a hero for venturing to attack so formidable a task; but I shall not consider you a reasonable being for wasting your labour over such an atrocious book—"di magni, horribilem et sacrum libellum!"'

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